man who has seen a ghost."

He was glad that the others had, in one way or another, experienced the manifestations of the house. Otherwise, standing there, his brain turbulent with incredible memories, he could easily have doubted

He hurried to bed and, thoroughly ex-

hausted, slept.

hausted, slept.

The noisy life of the street awakened him. He gazed from his window at the dawn of a perfect day. His will was stronger. He would not argue the merits of last night's adventures, which had the savor of a bitter dream, until he had talked with McHugh.

EARLY as he was at the office, the manager waited for him. He sat at his desk, staring at the wall with an expression suggestive of a new bewilderment. He seemed, however, surprisingly fresh. The signs of age and discouragement that had followed the sound of the footsteps and the appearance of the cat had vanished. The fact was a tonic for Quaile.

"You seem to have slead and "You seem to have sle suggestive of a new bewilderment.

You seem to have slept well, McHugh," he said.

The hand that held the customary un-

The hand that held the customary unlighted cigar shook.

"I thought I had hold of myself," the former detective said. "I was beginning to use my thinker again, when just now—"

He broke off, fumbling among a pile of photographic proofs on his desk-top.

"I've just got the prints of those pictures we took last night."

He glanced up—a trifle ashamed, Quaile thought.

"Interpretation timet, scarcely outlined, as if out of focus; and crouched at its feet was a small black ball, like a cat.

"Look at this," McHugh said hoarsely, while Quaile's eyes widened.

He handed him a faded cabinet photograph of a dark-faced, repellantly handsome man.

"That's Woodford," he said—"made the year he died."

Ouaile compared it with the unac-

thought.
"They're good?"
"All but one," McHugh answered

He passed a bundle of proofs to Quaile, but his hand covered one that remained on the desk.
"These are clear enough," Quaile said,

his mind the time-worn simile, "Like a beginning to suspect. "But where's the man who has seen a ghost." one of the big scene? You had it taken He was glad that the others had, in one for a poster."

McHugh raised the picture he had with-held, but he kept its face hidden.

"You don't mean there's something wrong with that?" Quaile cried sharply. McHugh nodded. "Who was on the stage when that picture was taken?" "Why, Miss Morgan," Quaile answered, "and Dolly, and Wilkins."

"You'd swear there was no one else?"
"Certainly. You could see as well as
You know as well as I do."

"I thought I saw. So did Tommy and Mike and the photographers. Just take look at this.

With a quick gesture he turned the proof of the big scene—that same group-ing that had seen the death of Woodford, and, forty years later, Carlton's similar

Quaile snatched the picture from Mc-Hugh's hand and bent close above it. It challenged his reason as deliberately as the figure in cold white flame had done last night. For it contained, where he knew there had been only three, a fourth form standing close to Wilkins—indistinct, scarcely outlined, as if out of focus; and crouched at its feet was a small black

Quaile compared it with the unaccountable figure in the picture taken the previous night. Although that was nebuprevious night. Atthough that was nebulous, like a thing seen through fog, its resemblance to the jealous Woodford's forty-year-old likeness was arresting, imperative, on no account to be denied.

To be continued next week

An Idea Worth \$1



ourage the children to make snow balls in winter and pape bulls in summer. Here is an idea that kills two birds with one ball. By means of it one may reduce the fuel bill and get rid of the waste-paper.

onsider yesterday's newspaper as value-

consider yesterday's newspaper as value-less as last summer's rose.

News comes from C. A. B., in Los Angeles, California, that this summer's war news may be turned into clean, convenient fuel for next year's long winter evenings. And this is how it can be done:

N spite of a few unesthetic housekeepers pulpy. After this they may be taken out who use them for the pantry shelves and easily molded with the hands into and the children's lunches, most people solid, compact balls, of a size-a little onsider yesterday's newspaper as value-larger than one's fist. Left on the ground in the sun, the balls will dry out and remain always a solid as readily as rea main almost as solid as wood, and may be burned in a stove or fireplace. They will give out an intense heat, and leave

but little ash.

These pulp balls may be made at odd times during the summer, perhaps by the Place the papers in a tub, filling the children, and when winter comes, one receptacle about half way to the top, and weight them down with a large stone. Then pour in water until it is filled to the brim, and leave the papers thus for two or three days, during which time they bill, besides solving the problem of diswill become thoroughly soaked—quite posing of old newspapers.

**Source's Note: I have paid the writer of this \$10 for his idea. Every week I will pay \$10 for an idea that will make or save \$1 for the readers of this magazine. Don't be afreid to send your discovery because it happens to be a little one; if it is novel enough to print—whether big or little—there will be a check for \$10 for you in the next mail. Address your letters to the "\$1 Idea Editor."

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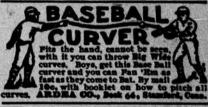
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